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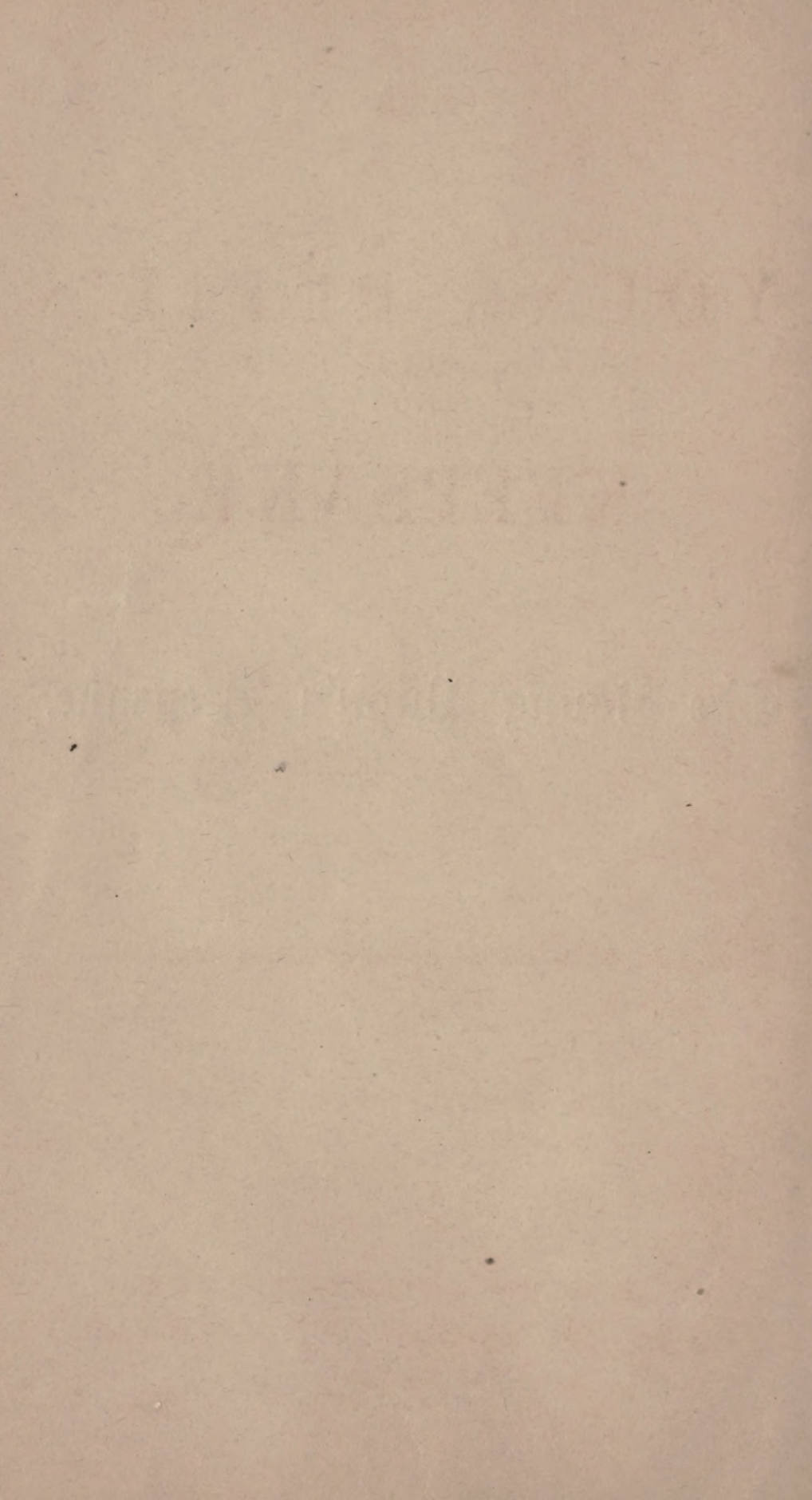
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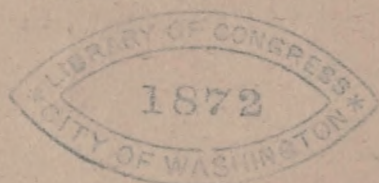
No. 7

The Young Pupil's Keepsake.



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THE

YOUNG PUPIL'S
KEEPSAKE.



BY A TEACHER.

S. C. D.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.— PROV. IX. 10.

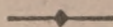
BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
1861.

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CAMBRIDGE:
THURSTON & MILES,
Printers.

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ADVERTISEMENT

WRITING books is so common in this age of improvement, that the Author of this little work is aware that an apology is due in presenting it to the notice of the public.

It was written in brief intervals of leisure, when other avocations were not too pressing, and is mostly composed of selections from her earlier writings; several of the articles being written between the age of fourteen and eighteen years.

During several years that the Author has spent in teaching, she has often had occasion to select books as prizes for her scholars, and has sometimes found a difficulty in selecting those exactly suited to their tastes and capacity, and having at the same time a good moral tendency.

This has suggested the following pages, which

the Author would respectfully dedicate to her present, and former pupils; and if a perusal of the sentiments expressed is the means of exciting in any mind nobler desires, and higher purposes, as well as of affording pleasure to a passing hour, she will feel amply rewarded for writing them.

S. C. D.

OAKLAND VALE, FEB., 1857.

THE
YOUNG PUPIL'S
KEEPSAKE.

MIRA AND EMMA: OR, THE BASENESS OF ENVY.

ON the Eastern bank of the Connecticut, which flows through the pleasant village of S., Mass., once stood a neat school-house, where the children and youth were wont, from day to day, to resort for the purpose of "culling the sweets of knowledge," under the guidance of an excellent and beloved instructress.

Among those who usually assembled there, were two little girls, about eight years of age, whom we will call Mira and Emma.

These children belonged to the same class. The countenances of both were interesting, and it would have been difficult for a stranger to

have decided which was the best scholar. They were evidently desirous of excelling in learning, and no one would have suspected either of possessing an unamiable temper. But it was not long before a little circumstance served to show that one at least was capable of indulging wrong feelings.

As an encouragement for her pupils to study, the teacher had promised a reward to those who should recite accurately all their lessons during the week.

Mira and Emma, who were not often censured for imperfect lessons, devoted themselves with renewed ardor to their studies.

Saturday forenoon at length arrived. It was the day on which the rewards were to be distributed. Mira, with several others of the class, received as a present, a book, containing several interesting stories, and pieces of poetry, and embellished by fine engravings. But Emma obtained none, because she had, by a little inattention for once, recited badly.

Her teacher had remarked a look of displeas-

ure on her countenance when the rewards were given, and kindly reproving her for it, told her that she was sorry that she could have no prize this time, but that she would probably do better again. But she went pouting to her seat, and it was evident to all that *Envy* was rankling in her heart. At noon the children were dismissed, and, as usual on Saturday, enjoyed a half holiday.

No sooner had Emma left the school-room, than she began to show ill temper towards her more fortunate companions, and particularly towards Mira, the companion of her daily walks to school. The parents of these little girls were neighbors, but those of Mira were dependent upon their daily toil for subsistence, while those of Emma were able to grant her almost any indulgence that wealth could afford. But notwithstanding the different circumstances of these children, they had ever delighted to engage together in the same pleasures and pursuits. Now a change was visible. Emma, after calling her friend hard names, proceeded alone, with

sullen countenance, on her way home. Mira, with a light heart, — for the innocent are never really unhappy, — was soon at her mother's door exhibiting her prize.

“But, mother,” added she, “do you not think that I had better give it to Emma, as she feels so badly that she did not get it?”

“I think, my dear, that you had better keep it; for it would not show gratitude to your kind teacher to give away the present that she has bestowed upon you.”

“True, mother, I did not think of that,” and Mira sat down, and very quietly perused her treasure.

Monday morning again came, and found the children assembled as usual, waiting for their teacher. She soon arrived, and after the usual salutations, and when all were quietly seated, she called Emma to her, and enquired the cause of her unpleasant conduct towards her companions on Saturday afternoon.

Now Emma did not know that her teacher had observed her, and she promptly replied, —

“I have ill-treated no one.”

“But think a moment,” continued her teacher, “and tell me, did you not call Mira by hard names?”

“No, ma’am, I did not.”

The scholars looked at each other in surprise, and Miss R. was then compelled to inform her of what she had observed, and there stood Emma all in confusion before the school, detected in a falsehood. It was her first attempt at dissimulation, and her conscience keenly reproved her, but pride kept her from confessing her fault, and she began to make excuses.

“Mira was so vain, and behaved so very provokingly towards me that I could not love her,” she added.

“I did not observe that,” continued Miss R.; “but even if it were so, that is no reason why you should treat her ill. We are commanded in God’s Holy Word to love even our enemies. And do you remember what is there said about lying? Have you ever heard of the story of Ananias and Sapphira? how, for attempting to deceive, they were struck dead?”

“ Yes, ma’am,” replied Emma, in a subdued tone of voice.

“ And are you not afraid of offending God when you speak what you know is not true ? ”

Emma made no answer, and Miss R. went on.

“ I am very sorry that you have, by indulging an envious temper, been rendered so unhappy. One fault usually leads to another. Had you not erred in your conduct towards your school-mates, you would not have told the base falsehood for which I am obliged to reprove you. Do you remember the story of ‘ The Boy and the Wolf,’ which you read not long since from the ‘ Young Reader ? ’ ”

“ Yes, ma’am.”

“ Those who are guilty of falsehood lose the confidence of their associates, and often are not believed when they tell the truth. I trust that in future ‘ Truth ’ will be your motto, and that

‘ You’ll always try
To *act* as shall not need a lie.’

Perhaps you may recollect the story of ‘ George Washington and his Hatchet.’ He was not afraid

to tell the truth. When interrogated by his father as to some damage that had been done to a favorite cherry tree in his garden, he replied, ‘I can’t tell a lie, papa, you know I can’t tell a lie! I cut it with my little hatchet!’ All persons of noble minds, who gain the respect of the wise and good, despise falsehood. And ever remember that an *envious disposition* is the source of much misery to its possessor. You ought to rejoice on account of the merit and success of others, instead of envying them their good fortune. Thus you would gain their love and esteem, and promote your own interest and happiness. It is a maxim that is true in all cases: ‘By benefitting others, we benefit ourselves,’ and an injury intended for another is often visited upon the perpetrator of it.”

Emma, after confessing her fault, and promising amendment, was sent to her seat, humble and subdued; nor did she soon forget the trouble that her envious disposition had caused her; and she ever afterwards exhibited a better temper.

THE BOY BEGGING FOR HIS BLIND FATHER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

A blind man and poor
Stands out by your door, —
It is my father dear —
It is his harp ye hear —
See him trembling stand
On the cold damp sand !
Look kindly now on his grey hair,
And give, if ye have ought to spare :
Pity him !

His eyes the day-light —
Not the bright clear night
Can see; — nor the tears now
That for him freely flow;
Nor the kindly glance
Giv'n sometimes perchance; —
Nor e'en the hand that soothes his grief —
Ah pity have, and give relief : —
Pity him !

Pity my father's need !
For soon I know indeed
Kind Death calls us away
To the bright realms of day; —

There'll he see again.

Free from want and pain, —

Then forsake not my father poor;

Nor turn him helpless from your door!

Pity him!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

LONG ago, in the days of fable, these two distinguished personages arrived on a balmy spring morning at the foot of “the hill of science,” when the following conversation took place between them:—

IDLENESS. “What a long, steep hill we have now to ascend! I think that we had better rest here in this beautiful shaded valley until the heat of the day is over, it will be so tedious to proceed!”

INDUSTRY. “That will never do for me! My motto is, ‘Onward and Upward.’ I think if we proceed slowly and cautiously, we shall

find the walk on the hill-side quite as pleasant as sauntering here in the vale. We shall be cheered by the most beautiful prospects, and the birds sing melodiously."

Id. "I cannot perceive what you find so enchanting on that rugged, barren hill. I have often been as far as here before, but the prospect looked so discouraging and uninviting, that I resolved to wait until it had changed for the better, or until my strength had increased, so that I could advance without difficulty; but I fear that I may never be able to climb its steep side. It now looks steeper than ever!"

IN. "It is true that the ascent at first appears rugged and laborious, but as we become accustomed to the way, it becomes more pleasant and easy, until at length we should be unwilling to exchange the route for one of less difficulty. But it will not answer for us to linger here. See! there are some of our companions nearly at the top!"

Id. "Well, you can go if you like to! As for me, I intend to reach the summit sometime, but mean to take a fair and easy course. What you

say seems all very plausible, but I fancy that for the present I can enjoy myself very well under this shady tree."

IN. "Well, if you do not choose to accompany me, good bye! I cannot allow you to detain me any longer. I perceive that I have already spent a full hour with you in loitering."

So saying, with a quick step, Industry began to walk up the hill, and, by advancing with great caution, was soon able to overtake some of her less diligent companions. She entered the fair temple of Truth illumined by the rays of Intelligence, and with Peace and Contentment for her companions, reposed herself until desirous of further investigations. Her former friends gazed after her with admiration and envy.

But Idleness still lingered in the valley, and it was not long before her more aspiring companions disdained to bestow a look upon her. I believe that she never attempted to ascend but a little way the hill so distasteful to her; and I afterwards learned, that, in groping about, she made an unlucky step, and plunged headlong into the gulf of Oblivion.

THE YOUTH AND FORTUNE.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

On the brink of a well
Where fresh herbs grew,
And flow'rs deck'd the ground,
Red, yellow, and blue,
With their soft fragrance
The senses to please,
Slept a young traveller,
Quite at his ease.

But Fortune in wandering
Chanc'd him to 'spy,
And rais'd, that he heard,
A dolorous cry:

“ Insensate awake!
See ! Do you not fear
Th' imminent danger
That threatens you here ? ”

“ Should you now only
Just turn yourself round,
You would very soon,
I fancy, be drowned ! ”
“ It is for such reckless
Offenders as thee,
That I very often
Must slander'd be. ”

“ Some call me deceitful,
And changeable too, —
Others adverse; yet
I often prove true :
Changes of fortune
Sure there may be : —
Worse mis’ries you may
Quite often see : ” —

“ Call those misfortunes !
What if they proceed
From reckless conduct ?
I know not indeed !
But cannot e’er think
That I am to blame, —
Nor should such a course
Detract from *my fame*. ”

ON WRITING COMPOSITION.

O, how I dread writing composition ! I can’t write ! I don’t mean to go into school on Wednesday afternoon ! Do give me a subject ! I can think of nothing to write about ! Tell

me how to begin, and perhaps I can go on! O, I am sure I can write nothing fit to be read! There is Mary S., and Susan G., and almost all of the scholars that can write over a whole sheet of paper in a very short time, and it takes me at least a day to write half a dozen lines, and then how flat they sound! I have almost a mind to say that I will never try to write. But then the teacher requires it, and how can I escape the task?

How often do we hear expressions like these used by the majority of school-children, just beginning to compose. But they seem to have wrong ideas of the object of writing. They suppose that they must at the commencement write essays, as good, perhaps, as they read in books, written by persons of great learning and judgment, and which may have cost years of labor and study to produce.

A young Miss sits down alone to write. She has not thought of a subject, and after thinking of perhaps fifty different ones, none of which she understands, she is about to resign the task

as hopeless, when she happens to think of "an old book which nobody has seen," which has some admirable themes. She gets the book, finds a piece that was perhaps written by a Newton, or Bacon, or some old divine. She takes a little from one place, and a little from another, until she thinks that her composition is long enough, and on the appointed day she reads it before the school.

The teacher at once knows that it is borrowed, and perhaps she receives a reproof. That discourages her, and her next resort is to get some one to write for her. Thus she goes on from one term to another, until her school-days are over, when she hardly feels competent to write a business letter, or a common note. Because she could not write in the most interesting manner, she would not write at all. Now it is not to be expected that a young person of limited means for improvement, and who has but just entered "the broad field of science," will write with facility on every subject, however deep and intricate ; but there is no one of sound mind so

destitute of knowledge and capacity, as not to be able to express thoughts in writing upon *suited* subjects.

The following simple directions, written in my early school-days, I have found of much use :

1. Do not endeavor to write upon a subject that you cannot understand. After you have selected a familiar one, do not commence writing until you have contemplated it in all its relations. Then write as fast as you please, taking care not to digress too much. Be not too anxious to have a long composition. If you can get all your thoughts into a small space, so much the better, as you will by that means save time and paper, and your composition will be more interesting. Endeavor to express your thoughts in so conspicuous a manner, that all can understand them. Some seem to imagine that it is the mark of great profundity of mind, to write so that no one can understand them. Whatever learning or penetration such may possess, it is certain none will be benefitted by their writings.

2. After finishing your composition, lay it aside, and at some future time carefully review it; you can then observe its redundancies and defects, and correct them.

These simple directions, faithfully followed, have made the most instructive and elegant authors, and doubtless they will enable almost any one to write agreeably. By practice and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge, style is improved.

But perhaps it will be asked, "What is the benefit of so much effort?" "I neither expect nor intend to make a book, and I do not see the use of writing composition."

In reply, I would say, that by expressing our ideas in writing, we learn to think accurately, and persons frequently have to write letters of business or friendship, and other occasions are numerous in which the ability to write an article correctly is of much benefit to us. But the chief advantage of composing is the discipline it gives to the mind.

A FLOWER NIPPED IN THE BUD.

It was on one of the loveliest days of early Autumn, that I strayed, solitary, from the noise and bustle of the village, to enjoy the mild, refreshing breezes, and the beauty of Nature's variegated scenery. The deep verdure of Summer was fast disappearing, and the rich, mellow tints, peculiar to decay, charmed the eye and inspired a pleasing melancholy. The wind, as it sighed through the trees, and the songs of the "woodland choristers," sounded unusually pensive to my listening ear. My mind had taken an impression corresponding with scenes around me, and I was not sorry to observe, at a short distance, a small burying ground.

As I approached and entered, I was struck with its peculiarly neat and elegant appearance. The graves were mostly overgrown with grass, over which the weeping willow gently and mournfully waved its branches. But upon one

I observed, shorter than most of the rest, that the sods were newly laid. I approached and read the epitaph. It was,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

CYNTHIA ANN.

How I was struck ! It was the grave of my darling little cousin, who but a few weeks before was with us in all the angelic loveliness and innocent playfulness of childhood, the adored idol of her fond parents, and the love and delight of all who knew her. We little dreamed that death was so soon to lay those active limbs to rest — that her bright, laughing eyes, were so soon to be forever closed !

“ So fades the lovely, blooming flower.”

But it is a sweet consolation to surviving friends, to think that her sinless spirit now rests far away from the sorrows of earth. Had she lived, she might have drank deeply of earth's bitter cup of misery, but now she has escaped all this. A gem transplanted to her Saviour's

crown, she will shine forever in the realms above.

Now sweetly rest thee, little one,
Beneath the chilly sod, —
Thine earthly race is quickly run —
Thy spirit gone to God.

We will not mourn that thou art gone
Afar from grief and care —
A sinless angel round the throne
Of thy Redeemer there.

VACATION.

FROM day to day, for many a week,
We've met the light of truth to seek
Within these consecrated walls,
If not in academic halls, —
And though our tasks seem'd hard indeed,
Our motto's "Try if you'd succeed."
And we would fondly hope to day
Our teacher's kindness to repay
By words, and looks, and actions kind,
And the rich treasures of the mind :

We know that many faults appear
Of conduct in our schoolmates here, —
Be pleased to pass our errors by,
Nor view them “with a critic’s eye,”
And we will try kind friends again
No more your gen’rous hearts to pain
By ought disgraceful, or unkind,
Or errors of the youthful mind.
We know that we have nought to boast,
And thank you for forbearance most.
Vacation now has come at length,
And we would hope to gain new strength
To climb steep science rugged hill,
Whose honors all our vision fill.
Adieu, kind teacher, schoolmates, friends,
May each a bright vacation spend.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

DOUBTLESS most of my youthful readers will be ready to exclaim, “What an old-fashioned subject!” “I wonder if anything new can be said upon a precept that I have heard repeated from my earliest days?”

Well, I do not expect to say anything *new*, but I think that if we examine the subject, we shall see that we might have reduced it to practice in many instances, where our thoughtlessness produced serious results. Who can estimate the mischief produced by words spoken in unguarded moments? How often have *unkind* words injured the feelings of dearest friends! And very often have *careless* words marred our own peace, and caused us to be less esteemed by others. How great is the unhappiness produced by slander and evil speaking!

Now, all this might be avoided by thinking before we speak. A little forethought will sometimes mitigate much misery. A word spoken in kindness and sympathy, may be the means of bringing gladness to an aching heart. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

It is of the utmost importance that a habit of forethought be formed in early youth. It will prove the safeguard for many evils as you pursue the journey of life. You will escape unharmed many dangerous shoals on which others more

rash have made shipwreck of character and peace of mind. Your example will be for the benefit of society, and you will live at peace and with honor to yourselves, and be a blessing to others, and receive the approbation of a sin-hating God.

DISCRETION.

A FAIRY TALE.

It was towards the close of a beautiful mid-summer day, when, tired of busy scenes and dull care, I sought to restore animation to my languid spirits by a walk to the sea-shore.

Arriving at a quiet nook, I seated myself on a smooth stone on the sandy beach, to enjoy at leisure the enchanting prospect. The scene was such as poets love to describe, but are ever ready to own that language is inadequate. The sun was just sinking behind the distant hills, tinging

with golden and crimson hues the light clouds that floated near the western horizon. Not a zephyr disturbed the peaceful waters, that resembled liquid glass, tinged with many different hues. A few white sails appeared in the distance, that doubtless were wafting homeward many fond hearts. Curious shells, the work of the inhabitants of the deep, lay thickly scattered around my feet. As I was examining these, and admiring their elaborate workmanship, I unconsciously fell into a deep reverie.

I fancied that I was in a boat formed by some fairy hand out of a huge sea-shell. Swift as thought, I skimmed over the surface of the "vasty deep." After sailing thousands and thousands of miles, I at last anchored in a beautiful little bay, and found myself near a lovely island, reposing in quiet beauty amid the ocean waters. I landed, and rambled about to make observations. The ground was covered with verdure and flowers, interspersed with fragrant shrubs, and stately trees, around which were twined wreaths of ivy.

I looked around to see if I could find "the little thatched cottages of the natives," but as I could see none, I concluded that I should enjoy "sweet solitude." I wandered o'er the fair landscape, through vale and o'er hill, being led onward by the novelty of the scenes, until at length, quite exhausted, I was glad to repose myself awhile beneath the shade of an arbor of evergreen.

I was just beginning to think of the strangeness of my situation, when I was startled at beholding before me a female, with a sedate, stern, dignified, yet beautiful countenance. She beckoned me to approach her. I attempted to do so with trembling, hesitating steps. Observing which, she calmly said, "I perceive you have but little regard for, or else are unacquainted, with me." "My name is Discretion." "I dwell with Prudence and Industry in the vale of Contentment." "If you will forsake your fairy bower and come with me, I will conduct you to a land not indeed quite as beautiful as this, but

where you may always dwell secure, and all is serene and substantial."

"Though you do not perceive it, the air of this place is unhealthy, and many poisonous reptiles are lurking unseen amid the herbage. Even the flowers that appear so fragrant, are pestilential."

At first on hearing this speech, I was not at all inclined to follow her. But observing her countenance more narrowly, I discovered evident traces of truth and candor, and I soon resolved to abandon my fairy boat to the waves, and leave the enchanted, and, as I was now convinced, obnoxious island, and follow my companion, in whose society I now took much delight.

And truly I began to see that *Discretion* was not to be despised, for on awaking from my reverie, I perceived that the chill dews of evening were falling around me, and that I had taken a violent cold. I hastened as quickly as my aching limbs would allow me to my dwelling, resolving firmly that I would no more indulge in idle fancies, but would encounter with resolution the stern realities of life.

CLOUDS.

WE often look with admiration upon the varied appearance of the sky, and observe the changing hues and appearance of the clouds, and perhaps can remember the time when we enquired, "What are they?" and it is interesting to think of the causes by which they are produced, and their use.

The vapor that rises from the earth in the form of invisible mist, accumulates at length in the air, and forms the dark masses that are called clouds. It is their different density and position with regard to the sun's rays, that causes their beautifully variegated hues that we often admire. We sometimes wish for a cloudless sky, yet that is not always for the best.

In the sultry days of Summer they defend us from the heat of a scorching sun, which might otherwise destroy vegetation and animal life, and in winter they serve as a protection against the intense cold.

The rain, snow, and hail which falls from them, fertilize the earth. Were the moisture that falls from the clouds withheld even for a single season, we should look in vain for the vegetation that renders the earth such a pleasant abode, and is so necessary to sustain life, and we should only behold a barren waste.

How great is the wisdom and benevolence that formed those floating masses, not only for use, but to give pleasure to the eye. Adversity is often compared to a cloud, yet who does not know that the heart is often made better by it? Surely, we should never be disheartened, however darkly clouds may gather around us, for they are frequently "blessings in disguise."

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE howling blast, the herbage sere,
Tell us that Summer's fled, —
That wintry storms e'en now are here,
And Autumn's charms are dead.

Yet mourn we not that flowers decay,
That dreary tempests rise, —
Nor for our pleasures pass'd away
With warmer, brighter skies.

We each enjoy a shelt'ring home,
With food and raiment too,
While many houseless wand'ers roam,
Whose wants we cannot view.

Nor is cold Winter void of joy —
Its evenings long are good,
To feast the mind without alloy,
With intellectual food.

Who does not like a pleasant ride,
With sleigh-bells jingling clear?
Or sliding down the smooth hill side
With naught to dread or fear.

Though some say Winter is a foe,
Yet he is not unkind,
And while his raging winds may blow,
Let us improve the mind.

KNOWLEDGE ENNOBLES—A CONTRAST.

MARY and Ellen were sisters, who resided with their parents in one of our pleasant eastern villages. They were good-humored, lively girls, and fondly attached to each other. They had each very bright, expressive eyes, and a profusion of sunny ringlets, while on their cheeks the rosy hue of health shone brightly. But there was a difference in their looks and appearance, that every one observed. Mary's dark eyes revealed a depth of thought and feeling very unusual. Ellen's were light blue, and expressed mildness and vivacity.

From infancy Mary had shown a fondness for learning, and preferred to be alone with her favorite books, rather than to enjoy the gayest social party, or walk with her companions ; yet if she chose she could be "the gayest of the gay." But there seemed to be some monitor ever reminding her that "life was short," that she had

much to do, and that it was wrong to spend her time in trifling amusements; and thus her childhood was marked with unusual seriousness and reflection.

Sometimes, when urged by her mother to join her young companions in some innocent recreation, she would say, with a smile, "Mother, I would rather spend one sweet hour 'sacred to thought,' than weeks in play." "Please, mother, to let me stay at home and read to you, or sit under the willow and hear the pretty birds sing while I learn my lesson. Do, dear mother!" And she would look so sweetly, and speak so imploringly, that she was sure to obtain her request.

Her sister considered books the dullest things in the world, and much preferred chasing the gay butterfly over the verdant lawn, to the task of study.

Time passed away, and these little girls found that they had arrived at an age when it was necessary that they should do something for their support, for their parents were not wealthy,

and they had several younger brothers and sisters. Mary chose the teacher's vocation, for she delighted to impart to others the knowledge that she took so much pleasure in acquiring. She was employed, when scarcely eighteen, as an assistant in a high school in the city of B., and was highly respected for her talents, learning, and excellent character. I never knew a more amiable and accomplished young lady. Her personal attractions were not superior to many, but there was a charm in her manners and conversation, quite irresistible. After pursuing her vocation a few years, winning the love of her pupils, and "golden opinions of all," she married a young lawyer, and went with him to reside in a beautiful mansion in one of the suburbs.

In the meantime, Ellen was employed in a factory. She was still the same light-hearted, happy creature that she had been in early childhood, but while, by her affectionate disposition, she won the hearts of many, she failed, from the levity of her character, to secure the respect

of the worthy and discerning. She married, at length, a gay young man, who "had no steady employment," and soon fell into habits of dissipation, by which her life was made wretched.

We see from this brief narrative, the advantage of perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge. The girls, whose characters I have faintly portrayed, had each the same advantages for improvement, and we see that one, by diligence and assiduity, found means to procure an excellent education. The time that others spent in idleness or foolish play, she devoted to study, and contrived to make everything subservient to her advancement in learning.

Her sister, like too many other thoughtless children, thought of nothing but present enjoyment. She sported away her "childhood's days," and when she arrived at mature years, her habits were so confirmed in frivolity and idleness, that she found it almost impossible to apply herself to anything serious or useful.

I hope that every child who reads the story of these girls, will try to imitate the excellencies

in the character of the one, and avoid the defects of the other. It is right that children should have some amusements to promote their health and ardor of spirits, but they should reflect that however slowly the years may roll on, the period of childhood and youth will soon pass away, when it will be necessary for them to engage in the active duties of life

And, in conclusion, allow me, dear children, to tell you, that if you wish to be happy, or useful, or respected when you become men and women, you must improve the time now in laying up a store of knowledge, and in forming correct characters and virtuous dispositions, else, in after life, you can expect "to reap little but briers and thorns."

MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS, as every school-child knows, are vast elevations of land. Some send forth fire, smoke, and lava, or melted matter from their craters. Such are called volcanoes. Several mountains connected, form a chain, or range of mountains.

Mountains are found in every country on the globe. Were it not for them the earth would appear as one vast monotonous plain. They serve to diversify the scenery, and for many other important purposes. The air is purer on them than in the vallies. Rivers have their source in mountains, and not unfrequently rich mines of precious metal are found in their sides. Some, as Pilot Knob and Iron Mount, are composed almost entirely of metallic substances. Others are productive nearly to their summits. The tops of the highest are always covered with snow, even in warm countries.

The Himalaya Mountains, in Asia, which are five and a half miles high, are said to be the highest in the world.

The longest range of mountains is the Andes, which extends nearly the whole length of the continent of America, the Rocky and Mexican Cordilleras of North America being a continuation of them.

The most interesting mountains, on account of the associations connected with them, are found in Asia. There is Mount Lebanon, famed in the Scriptures for its cedars, and Mount Ararat, where the ark rested after the waters of the flood were abated. Sinai, where the Commandments were given by God to Moses, amid clouds, and thunderings, and lightnings, yet rears its lofty brow to the sky. There is Pisgah, where Moses obtained a view of the promised land, which he was not permitted to enter, and Tabor, the scene of the transfiguration. The Mount of Olives is also pointed out, that so often witnessed our Saviour's prayers and instructions, and Calvary, where he met the cruel and ignominious death of the cross.

PARTING SONG FOR A SCHOOL.

LONG weeks have pass'd since first we met,
Within these pleasant, hallowed walls,
And ne'er shall we that time forget,
Though far away stern duty calls.

From day to day with cheerful heart
We've met broad science field to scan;
The time has come when we must part, —
Shall we on earth e'er meet again?

The future all uncertain lies, —
Perhaps we part to meet no more.
Time with swift pinion ever hies, —
Soon we shall reach th' eternal shore.

Then let us live that when at last
Our summons comes to leave earth's scene,
We may review with joy the past,
And go in peace with hope serene

To that bright world where parting tears,
And sighs, and fears, forever cease, —
Where all in endless bloom appears —
Where all is love, and joy, and peace.

We'll hope to meet on earth again,
But if Heaven that bliss denies,
Removed from sickness, sorrow, pain,
Shall we not meet beyond the skies?

With cheerful hope we'll say farewell,
With firm resolve for conduct good,
Come weal, or woe, or ev'ry ill,
To tempt us to despairing mood.

MY FIRST BOAT RIDE.

It was a warm, sunny morning in July, when a friend of mine proposed that we should spend a short time previous to the hour for commencing school, in rowing around a neighboring pond. I readily acceded to the proposal, and we accordingly started at about half-past seven o'clock, A. M., for the shore where the boat was locked, two of the party having gone before to get the boat in readiness.

Our path, for a considerable distance, lay through a pleasant grove, vocal with the cheer-

ful songs of many birds, that were flitting about in their happiest mood. This afforded an agreeable shelter from the fierce rays of the sun, but we soon emerged from it, however, and found ourselves in the midst of a verdant, smooth pasture, where cattle and sheep were quietly feeding, and the hand of "light-footed Flora" had been busy in bestowing her pretty gifts. We had not proceeded far, when we again entered a little thicket, just beyond which was the pond, a beautiful sheet of water, so transparent that the trees and rocks around the shore were perfectly mirrored on its smooth surface. It was a mile in circumference, and the scenery around it appeared exceedingly pleasing and romantic.

It was with a little trepidation that I entered the boat, but my companions assured me that there was no danger—that they had rowed many times. Two of them managed the oars, while the third, with a long, heavy oar, steered the boat. I began to feel a little at ease, when of a sudden I perceived that we were moving

towards some knotty stumps, which just appeared above the water, and against one of these the boat presently struck, but it was removed with little difficulty, and directed towards some lilies that showed their pretty white heads just above the water, and seemed to invite us in that direction. We collected as many of them as we wished, and then rowed towards a little island, not far from the shore, covered with grass and flowers.

It was now nearly school-time, and we next steered for the landing place, where we soon arrived in safety, and I felt my spirits much exhilarated by this pleasant excursion.

AN ADDRESS TO MY PUPILS.

It was with a deep sense of the importance of my task, that I consented to become, for a brief season, your teacher, and as I have from day to day been engaged in my wonted avocation, I

have been more and more convinced of the arduousness of my employment, and the impossibility of rightly performing the duties devolving upon me, unless actuated by the best of motives.

To train the youthful mind to habits of rectitude, to subdue wrong emotions, and substitute those that are purely good, to fix the wandering attention upon useful subjects, and teach the rudiments, and higher branches of learning to those to whom study "is a hard task," requires no trifling effort, and calls into action all the zeal, patience, and ingenuity of the teacher.

But it is a cheering thought to the wearied, care-worn instructor of youth, that he is in the path of usefulness, however rugged at times his way may appear, and that if he performs his daily duties in a suitable temper of mind, he will ere long reap the reward of his faithfulness. But notwithstanding its irksomeness, there are many considerations that render teaching a pleasant employment. It has been called by an excellent poet,

“ Delightful task ! to train the youthful mind,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

Yes ! it is indeed pleasant to witness the expansion of youthful intellect, and the progress of those principles of virtue that give promise of a life of honor and usefulness to their possessor, and a consciousness of being the humble instrument of promoting virtue and intellectual improvement in the minds and hearts of the young immortals committed to his charge, should be to every teacher a source of heart-felt happiness.

But, perhaps, if scholars in general were a little more careful to observe propriety of behavior, the comfort and enjoyment of their teachers would be much promoted. It frequently happens that the conduct of a few ill-disposed pupils is such as to lead their teachers to wish most sincerely to be free from the toils and cares of the school-room. Now, I presume, in many instances, thoughtlessness is the greatest fault that can be charged to such pupils. Yet that is unpardonable when we consider the

result. The greatest misfortunes and mischief often are the consequences of careless, thoughtless habits.

But it not unfrequently happens, that maliciousness, or an evident intention of causing disturbance is discernable in the conduct of some scholars. Such behavior is detestable, and the sure mark of a depraved mind.

Young children, and youth, who indulge this temper of mind, will soon lose the esteem and confidence of the worthy and discerning, and, as they grow to riper years, and their intellects and passions increase, instead of proving blessings to society, they will help to increase the dark catalogue of crime and evil, and perhaps end their days in disgrace and wretchedness. O, that every school-room might be free from such pupils!

But I must hasten to speak of the duties of teachers, which I have already premised are many and arduous, among which may be reckoned,

1. Instructing in the various branches of edu-

cation, from the elements of the language, to the higher grades of learning.

Most of you are not aware of the amount of toil, care, and perseverance required to teach a little child its alphabet. With a half a dozen a-b-c-darians, a teacher might occupy profitably the usual hours of school. But there are in most schools in the country, those who study grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra, history, physiology and philosophy, and of course there must be several classes in reading and spelling. Writing and composition must also be attended to, and sometimes drawing. Now, it is obvious, that to render instruction interesting and profitable in these various branches, requires much skill and labor, even when scholars show docile minds. But when we consider the dullness of some, and the unwillingness of others, to perform the tasks required of them, and the great diversity of talent that pupils have, we may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

2d. To correct the wayward dispositions of

some pupils, and encourage all to pursue the pleasant ways of wisdom, is no trifling task, and calls forth all the love, forbearance, patience and ingenuity of the teacher, and after all; he may not succeed to the extent of his wishes, and may experience in consequence much anxiety and uneasiness. Many an excellent teacher, in his anxiety to promote the welfare of those committed to his charge, has so impaired his vigor and health, that he has found an early grave.

3d. It is not only the duty of teachers to cultivate the intellect and morals of their pupils, but the true principles of religion should also be faithfully inculcated, in order to prepare the immortal mind for its higher destiny. This requires much zeal and faithfulness, and can only be practiced to advantage by those whose spirits are imbued with principles of piety, and a love of Christianity.

These are among the principal duties of teachers, and those of scholars are not less numerous and important, among which may be mentioned,

1st. Docility, or a teachable disposition. It is a painful fact, that some pupils, however much pains may be bestowed upon them, make but little improvement. This, I apprehend, is not so much owing to a want of capacity, as to a want of attention to instructions imparted. Such pupils are usually adepts in all sorts of mischief, and can easily learn all the vulgar and profane language that they may hear spoken.

A docile pupil will always secure the respect and love of his teacher, his own self-respect, and the esteem of others, while he is fitting himself for a life of honor and usefulness. People of the greatest genius and ability, were usually docile scholars.

2d. Respect for their teachers, and a suitable regard to their requirements. The treatment of some scholars is often a severe trial to the feelings of a worthy teacher. The home training of some is deficient, while others, naturally selfish, care little for the feelings or happiness of others. Such must try the patience and skill of their teachers, and certainly are undeserving of

respect. But there are usually, in every school, many who strive to observe propriety of conduct in every situation, and such would esteem it degrading to treat their teachers disrespectfully, and they do not fail to gain the love and admiration of the good.

Respect for teachers, shows a noble and ingenuous spirit in scholars ; for those who love learning and its institutions, will have a regard for those who help them to acquire useful knowledge ; and that speaks much for their future respectability and usefulness.

On the other hand, contempt of teachers and their authority, is the mark of a base, ignoble spirit, and those who cherish such dispositions not only render themselves disagreeable and disgusting to those with whom they associate in the walks of learning, but they are thus preparing for themselves much disgrace and wretchedness in future life, for true is the proverb, " Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

3d. Kindness to associates. There are many instances where the peace and usefulness of

a school is nearly destroyed by the quarrelsome dispositions of some pupils.

You will doubtless find, as you mingle in the society of various companions at school, much to excite vexation, to call for forbearance and charity. The manners of many are rude and disagreeable, and their sentiments low and vulgar. You should be very careful not to imitate such, but by politeness and good humor you may set them good examples, and perhaps be the means of ameliorating their characters.

4th. Diligence in the improvement of time and abilities. Youth is emphatically the season when the mind is most susceptible to impressions, — when the perceptions are keen, and the memory retentive. It is then that the character is formed, and an inclination given to the thoughts and feelings that can never after be entirely counteracted.

Pupils have various motives for diligence. Some will be studious merely to please their teachers and gain their approbation, — others study that they may obtain the scholar's re-

noun; but though there may be nothing particularly wrong in this, yet they should be actuated by higher motives,—a desire to improve the abilities entrusted to them for usefulness, and the glory of God.

Our life, at the longest, is short, and we have much to accomplish to fit ourselves for happiness in the future world, to which all are hastening, and as by useful studies the mind and heart are cultivated and made more capable of rational enjoyment, how important is it that the susceptible season of youth be employed in the attainment of useful knowledge, that the understanding may not be “as a desert waste.”

Many other duties might be enumerated, that are incumbent upon scholars; but in this little volume it is not necessary. Doubtless you are all conscious of a spirit within that tells you the difference between right and wrong, and if you follow the guidance of that faithful monitor, you need never fatally err in your conduct.

Finally, my dear pupils, let me urge you to press onward with vigor and alacrity up “the

hill of science." Let not trifles, nor real difficulties, impede your progress. The fair temple of fame lies before you, and you may reach it, and be crowned with lasting honors. But, above all, let integrity and uprightness of conduct be your motto, that your lives may be joyous and useful, and your departure from these earth-scenes triumphant.

AN EVENING SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE silver moon is rising clear, —
And now the golden stars appear
In the arch'd heavens clear and bright,
"As gems upon the brow of night;"
While the dense forest, dark and still,
Stretches far up on yonder hill,
And from the meadow, mists arise,
Like evening incense to the skies.

How all the world lies hushed and calm,
Quite free from ev'ry rude alarm, —

She in her twilight veil is seen,
All as inviting and serene,
As a still room, where, quite forgot,
You may indulge sweet pensive thought,
And there in days of grief abide,
And deep in sleep your sorrows hide.

Appears the moon's broad disk to you?
Only the half of it you view, —
It is, though, beautiful and fair;
So often things really are
That excite the greatest mirth
Because we do not see their worth,
Hence we should ever cautious be,
Not to judge false from what we see.

We poor, foolish children of men,
Are sinful creatures, weak and vain,
And all our minds are dark and wild,
With ev'ry sort of error filled; —
How many an air-web we spin,
While our thoughts rove wild within!
And though with various arts we try,
We seldom reach our aim, if high.

God grant that we may prosper'd be,
And not delight in vanity,
Let us be simple, true, and just,
And in thy bounty ever trust, —

As children free and happy be,
While on earth we live before Thee; —
'Tis Thou that canst from harm defend, —
For Thou our Father art, and Friend.

And when at last Death's summons come
To take us to our final home,
May we go free from pain or grief,
And find the grave a sweet relief;
And when thou takest us away,
Oh may we come to realms of day,
And with Thee, our Maker, Friend,
Eternal ages may we spend.

Now, as we lay us down to sleep,
Wilt Thou our lives from all harm keep,
And all our friends, and dear brother,
Our kind father, too, and mother; —
The evening air is damp and cold, —
Sleep to our neighbor sick and old.
May strife, and noise, and tumult cease,
And all the world rest now in peace !

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST?

PERHAPS some of my young readers will say at once, those who live in splendid style, passing their time in "gay and fashionable amusements," with an abundance of wealth at demand to satisfy almost every passing fancy or wish.

But ask the wealthy and "refined voluptuary" if he considers himself the happiest person in the world, and he will tell you, No indeed! How miserable is my condition! How unsatisfying, how disgusting, are the pleasures with which I am surrounded! O, for the pleasant, quiet retreat of the innocent laborer in some mountain glen, far from the noisy pleasures of ever bustling city!

But ask the laborer if he is satisfied with his condition, and very likely he will tell you, Very far from it! It is nothing but work! work! How I envy the happy king, who sits at ease on a golden throne, or reclines on a silken couch,

whose every wish is instantly gratified, and who knows nothing by experience of the wants and miseries of other mortals !

At the same time, the king, whom he envies, may be one of the most unhappy persons in existence, so oppressed with care that he cannot regard the splendor with which he is surrounded, and in constant fear that his head, now adorned with the regal crown, will ere long be severed by the axe of the executioner.

Thus we can imagine, if we choose, that all are happier than we, and be continually striving to attain happiness, that, phantom-like as we approach it, illudes our grasp.

The miser may estimate his degrees of enjoyment by the dollars that he possesses, and the inebriate by the facility that he enjoys of obtaining the intoxicating draught. But we should certainly think that they were very far from the road to happiness.

The child often thinks many things would render him happy, which, if obtained, would be positively injurious to him.

But it appears that mere external fortune has but little influence in producing happiness, or the reverse. It is the disposition of a person that renders him happy or wretched. A peaceful, contented mind, will find happiness in any situation, whilst a discontented mind, and one that is constantly ruffled by evil passions, will be continually wretched.

Hence we should certainly judge those the happiest who govern their passions, and are contented with their present condition, with well founded hopes for the future.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

ONE day I chanced to be displeas'd,
And wond'ring if I could be eas'd,
I thought I'd ramble far and near,
And often lend a listening ear
To all that promis'd to relieve
My anxious mind too prone to grieve,
And offered aught of peace or joy,
Or happiness without alloy.
Whilst thus I wander'd, first, I found
A friend upon a rising ground :

To find you I am glad said he —
Come, gentle stranger, follow me —
My name is *Wealth*, I live at ease,
You can enjoy me if you please;
I'll load your board with dainties rare,
Place silken cushions in your chair,
Dress you in robes of richest dye,
And place you in a carriage high
Drawn by a span of prancing steeds
With silver trappings round their heads,
And by a skillful coachman driven,
Whene'er to go the word is given.
See you yon palace gorgeous bright,
That gleams so strangely in the light
Of the warm sun's declining rays?
Too fair it is for vulgar praise, —
'Tis there I dwell, — now come with me,
And you shall this fair prospect see.
I smiled assent, — we onward went,
For now the day was well nigh spent.
As we approached the gate before,
'T was guarded by four dogs or more;
By bolt, and lock, 'twas fasten'd strong —
We knock'd and knock'd, and waited long, —
I ask'd my friend what all this meant.
Said he, they're here with this intent, —
To guard my house from robbers bold,
Who sometimes come to search for gold.

I did not say a word, but thought
That happiness was dearly bought,
If e'en indeed it here was found;
But then again, on looking round,
I saw tall trees, that, waving high,
Seemed with the lofty clouds to vie; —
Beneath their shade sweet flowers bloom'd,
And with their breath the air perfum'd,
While birds of many a brilliant hue,
Amid their branches sang in view, —
And, as I stay'd in wond'ring state
A servant came, and ope'd the gate; —
Then, as I stood within the doors,
And looked upon the marble floors,
The glittering gold, the spacious rooms
Scented with many rich perfumes —
Surely, said I, here pleasures dwell
Such as wise people never tell.
I was shown a room all cover'd o'er
With a silken carpet on the floor, —
A sofa, on which to lay my head,
Or, if I chose, an eider bed, —
And, with my journey wearied quite,
Joy, peace, and rest, I thought I might
Undoubted find in that sweet spot,
And all my cares be quite forgot: —
So, quickly to my couch I went —
In waking dreams the night was spent.

To such a bed I was not us'd,
And wish'd for sleep, its aid refus'd; —
Then, as I lay in state awake,
And many a query did make,
I heard such jangling sounds below,
As led me to resolve to go
Upon my way, soon as the sun
His daily race should have begun.
I rested here until the morn,
Then told my friend I must be gone,
For as yet I nothing sure had seen
'Mid all the splendors I had been
Of solid happiness — long sought —
Nor had I yet a single thought
To spend my life in a lothful ease,
If it could not me better please.
At morning, with the early sun,
I had my journey well begun,
And then, true, before many hours,
And ere the dew was off the flowers,
Another friend I chanc'd to meet
In the town of L —, Hubbub street.
Says he, this is a dusty place —
Let us our steps out of it trace !
And soon we were in a place as fair
As ever was fann'd by earthly air !
Here, gentle stranger, sit thee down,
And hear the news that's in the town !

They say, there is an office there —
But now I do not well know where,
And you can find it. If you seek
I think you'll find it in a week —
Then fame with trumpet tongue will blaze
Your name, your honor, and your praise.
Ah ! Friend, said I, what is your name ?
Ambition. 'Tis the very same —
Follow me, and you shall find
Pleasures sweet of many a kind !
I follow'd, and soon found, 't is true,
What then to me was wholly new,
Fame a mere phantom, airy breath,
Yet oft deceiving by its stealth —
Which, when no sooner had I found,
Than quick I turned my footsteps round,
Bade mean *Ambition* long adieu,
Fair happiness then to pursue;
And many a doubt began to rise
If now she dwelt beneath the skies, —
I had not wander'd long before
I stopped just by a cottage door.
In truth, I'd often heard it said
That those who earn'd their daily bread
Were happier than those at ease,
With their varied whims to please,
And so I thought perhaps I might
Of happiness obtained a sight

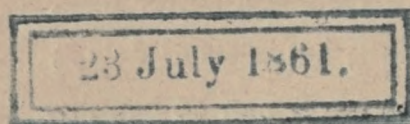
E'en in this place so poor and rude
The proud would never deign intrude.
So with high hopes I ope'd the door,
And sat me down upon the floor !
For not a chair was offer'd me,
Nor could I stool, or table see :
Four tatter'd children hungry sat
Around, upon an old straw mat,
And oft they ask'd for bread in vain ! —
How did their moaning give me pain !
Their mother sick upon her bed
Could scarcely raise her aching head,
The father, there, I did not see —
When I enquired, they said to me
That he of pinching want had died.
How sad your lot ! I quick replied.
In pain I gaz'd upon the sight,
And after asking if I might
Some aid afford, I quick withdrew,
For then indeed quite well I knew
That here I could not hope to find
The darling object of my mind.
Then, faint, with aching limbs I rov'd,
And many a weary mile I trode,
Reflecting quite in solitude;
And oft in a serious mood
Wonder'd if happiness was found
In aught, the whole wide world around !

I wander'd till the evening shades
Had fallen upon the greenwood glades,
When in a wood I chanc'd to see
What then to me appear'd to be
The glimmer of a transient light,
But soon I saw it grew more bright —
I paus'd, advanced, with trembling fear
To view the spectre yet more near;
And then as I approach'd the spot,
Each anxious fear I soon forgot :
I saw a cottage neat, but small,
Surrounded by a brushwood wall, —
Its humble walls no paint had seen,
And all embrown'd with age had been, —
Within the garden neatly kept
A few wild flow'rs had stealthily crept,
While useful plants, if not the rare,
Were nurtur'd with apparent care, —
It was a hermit's dwelling place,
With naught its lowly walls to grace, —
Now weary with my toil and care,
I well could rest me anywhere —
Nor was I sorry here to find
A place well suited to my mind; —
I knock'd, the aged sire ope'd the door,
Placed me a stool upon the floor,
Kindly enquir'd for my health,
Nor did he ask me of my wealth,

As he freely gave me food to eat,
And water to bathe my weary feet;
We spent the eve in friendly chat,
Talking about this thing, and that,
For, many a year my friend had spent
In this retreat, and all intent
In serving God, as best he knew,
How e'er the world his life might view;
And never mortal had he seen
Since in this quiet place he'd been.
No wonder that he wished to know
What had transpir'd on earth below,
And many a question he ask'd
Of what in other climes had pass'd, —
We talk'd until the stars' mild light
Told us the time was past midnight —
When he my humble cot prepar'd,
To which I gladly quick repair'd;
In sleep I spent a dreamless night,
And woke at morn refreshed quite —
I found the breakfast table laid,
Many a dainty on it spread,
Which my good host had sometime found
In taking daily walks around,
And laid secure, with pious care,
That some poor pilgrim might it share, —
The breakfast o'er — at early dawn
I thought to ramble o'er the lawn —

But ere my journey I began,
The hermit, hospitable man,
Urg'd me at least another day
If no more to prolong my stay.
'Twas then I told him all my route,
And what was still my sole pursuit.
“ Ah, friend,” said he, “ I greatly fear
That if you wander far and near,
You will not find the long sought prize,
Beneath these fair terrestrial skies; —
For long I sought for it in vain,
Nor should I do the same again,
Since now I know a better way,
Which I will tell without delay;
Happiness never can be bought,
Seldom is found when eager sought, —
It comes to those content to find
A charm well suited to the mind,
In each event of life they see,
And who where'er their lot may be
Are thankful for their blessings giv'n
Receive them as a boon from heav'n, —
Who murmur not when ills betide
As o'er life's treach'rous sea they ride,
And when their voyage all is o'er
Expect to reach a better shore.
Then seek no more, but be content,
For now much of your life is spent

In what has been a vain pursuit
To reach joys bright, and golden fruit; —
Do well the task assign'd to you,
And soon the long sought prize you'll view,—
Be quite contented with your lot,—
Let care, and grief, be all forgot,—
In all the duties you fulfil,
O strive to do your Maker's will !
Then will you ever happy be
Both here, and in eternity."



THE END.







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